

THE LITERARY GAZETTE:

OR,

Journal of Criticism, Science, and the Arts.

BEING A THIRD SERIES OF THE ANALECTIC MAGAZINE.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JUNE 30, 1821.

No. 26.

PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF THE FINE ARTS.

Annual Exhibition of 1821.

Several novelties present themselves with very pleasing effect to the eye of a visitor, at this exhibition. The removal of the casts to a new gallery, and the consequent appropriation of the circular room wholly to pictures, is the most striking and important improvement. We notice also, several fine old paintings which have been lent to the institution for the present occasion, and a considerable addition to the regular stock of the academy in the pictures bequeathed by the late Mr. Talbot Hamilton. The whole collection therefore makes a very agreeable lounge for an afternoon, and they must want taste indeed, who cannot find pleasure in a repeated visit.

It is to be confessed, however, that the display of newly finished works by our own artists, does not furnish much cause for rejoicing at the present state of the art among us. The number of such performances is not great, their variety small, and their merit, collectively, not very striking.

Portraits and miniatures abound, but original compositions are extremely scarce. Mr. Sully's "Crossing the Delaware" (No. 349) is almost, if not quite, the only picture that has pretensions to the dignity of historical, or romantic painting; and this is not very new, being the sketch from which his large picture of the same subject was taken. It is certainly the noblest historical picture (the large one) yet produced in this country, excepting, perhaps, colonel Trumbull's "Surrender of Cornwallis." The magnificent equestrian figure of Washington, so dignified, so natural, and so graceful, is the only likeness that has yet been painted of that chief, worthy of the elevation of his character. And the whole composition is in the highest degree pleasing and spirited; the faint dawning of the morning light

in the cloudy horizon, is beautifully imagined as an emblem of the hope that beamed over the desponding nation from the success of that day; the portraits of the companions of Washington, though properly subordinate in effect to the principle figure, are finely drawn, and the fore-shortening of the horse is as happy an effort in that difficult part of the painter's task, as any part of the perspective, in the much celebrated "Capuchin Chapel."

These remarks apply particularly to the large painting which is at Mr. Earl's gallery, but even in the smaller one exhibited at the Academy, many of these merits are easily discernable.

The "Interior of a Foundry" by Otis (No. 12) is probably original, at least in the colouring, and is a pleasing exhibition of the effect of strong lights and shadows; but for some reason best known to the "hanging committee," is hung so high, that common eyes have but an indifferent opportunity to examine it.

The next in the order of the catalogue, confining our attention to indigenous productions, is a "View in Germantown" by S. Peale, junr. (No. 17). This has some good colouring, and correct drawing, but the finishing is crude, and the likeness unfaithful, inasmuch as the road is represented quite too broad.

Nos. 49 and 53 are two specimens of still life painting, from the easel of Mr. Raphaelle Peale, and in his usual style of wonderful fidelity to nature, in this branch of the art. We understand by-the-bye, that this artist has lately resumed portrait painting, and, considering that he paints peaches and grapes so accurately, we cannot but hope to see some human faces delineated by him with equal success; particularly if he will bear in mind the instruction given by Stewart to a pupil, to paint a face with no more concern for the expression, than if it were a potato.

Next Mr. Sully's water colour drawing of the arms of the several

states, from which the engravings were made for the print of the declaration of independence, 54 to 68; these are partly copies, in what proportion we know not, they are not remarkably new, however, nor, as drawings, remarkably interesting.

No. 85 is a landscape by T. Birch. 'Market woman lording a stream.' This artist, who is not half so much encouraged as he deserves to be, is a most honest portrait painter of nature. He never attempts to improve her, and is not, perhaps, very tasteful in selecting his subjects; but his pictures are like the reflections in a camera obscura, precisely the shapes and hues of the trees and rocks, that one sees in an every day walk.

The 'Sleighb Frolic' and 'Cherry Woman,' (94 and 95,) offer an unfavourable example of the style of the American *Walkie*—Mr. Krimmel. His delineations of real life, particularly rustic life, are full of life and truth, and seasoned with admirable humour. This sleigh scene is rather too grave for his characteristic talent, and the cherry woman pleases us less than most of his works that we have seen. Those, however, who are curious to see more of the same kind, though of better degree, will be gratified by a visit to the artist's room, in Chesnut street above Eighth.

No. 119, 'a miniature portrait of her father' by Miss Anna C. Peale, is an admirable piece of work, and a proof of great improvement in the skill of the artist since the last exhibition. The back ground, we would venture to suggest, might be improved by making the child's face on the easel more distinctly a picture—at present, the intention is not, at first view, very evident.

The next, and No. 125, are other miniatures by the same, and are creditable to her taste and skill. The red on the forehead (of No. 121) is perhaps a blemish, but could easily be removed.

Nos. 121, 122. Two miniatures by Catlin. This young artist already exhibits great talent, and gives

promise of remarkable proficiency. His 'Ariadne' (No. 133) a study from an engraving, is a beautiful specimen of the art—as is his Napoleon (No. 137). The Ariadne is the most pleasing miniature in the exhibition—likeness being of course out of the question, as to which we can pretend to judge only in a few instances, and therefore make our remarks, generally, without taking it at all into consideration.

Terrigi's 'Venus and Cupid' (No. 131) has been much admired, and was raffled for at the price of eight hundred dollars. It is certainly a beautiful picture—the arm of Venus is wonderful—but the colouring, when compared with the exquisite delicacy of Mr. Catlin's 'Ariadne,' loses half its charm. The drawing also is incorrect about the eye and the swell of the neck, and the use of body colour for the drapery, was hardly to be looked for in a highly finished miniature.

No. 124. A miniature portrait, by Robinson, of a distinguished officer of the navy. This is a most unfavourable resemblance; in fact so much so, that it may be called a caricature. Mr. Robinson is an artist of great talent, but he is one of those who

"Would not flatter Neptune for his trident,
Nor Jove for his power to thunder."

No. 132. A miniature by Miss Schetky—a striking likeness of a well known and very valuable citizen. There are several other miniatures by the same artist—as many as nine we believe. They all evince thorough knowledge of drawing, and great science and taste in the contrast and harmony of colours. Most of them we cannot judge of as likenesses. No. 138, however, we recognise as equally striking and correct with No. 132. There are also other and more agreeable specimens of Mr. Robinson's skill than the one above referred to, [No. 124.]

The view of the 'New Presbyterian Church,' [No. 140] drawn and painted in water colours by Mr. Haviland the architect, does not pretend, we trust, to excellence as a picture. It has its value nevertheless, as exhibiting the design adopted for the building which is to occupy a conspicuous place among the architectural ornaments of this city. We cannot compliment the building

committee with any high praise of the plan chosen. The pediment of the portico is deplorably out of proportion to the columns, and the double entrance, as well as the sharp angle of the roof, however convenient, will mar the elegance of the edifice. The cupola is also objectionable on strict principles of taste, but may more easily be forgiven.

No. 142 is a sketch in oil of Kean as Shylock, from recollection, by J. Neagle. Of the likeness we can judge very imperfectly from recollection—the drawing is bold and spirited, the colouring coarse and displeasing. We shall have occasion to speak of Mr. Neagle again, and with more approbation.

No. 143. A beautifully finished engraving by Mr. Ellis, a pupil of Kearney. This young artist gives promise of great eminence. The print is a copy from one of Heath's illustrations of *Ivanhoe*, and does not suffer by comparison with the original engraving.

No. 149. The 'Philadelphia Library' a small engraving of no particular merit. This plate, occupying, as it does, a conspicuous station, reminds one of the fly preserved in amber.

"The thing we know is neither rich nor rare,

But wonder how the — it got there."

No. 150 and 154. 'Suffolk Boar' and two cows, in water colours by *Le Sueur*—more curious, in their subjects, to agriculturalists than to amateurs of the fine arts, by their execution.

We now reach a considerable number of pictures, chiefly landscapes, by Miss Schetky and Miss Neagle, which are almost hidden by being placed close to the floor. What could be the inducement to put small pictures, which require to be seen closely, in such a situation, it is difficult to guess; certainly not their want of merit, for among them are some of the best drawings in the room; nor want of space, for the "Presbyterian Church," which is comparatively large, and of little or no value as a picture, occupies the most conspicuous place immediately above them, and two large drawings hang near them, at a reasonable height from the floor, which the committee have not chosen to include in their catalogue; so that, whatever may be their merit, hanging thus

anonymously, they can be of no service to the reputation of the artists who produced them.

The specimens of Perkins and Fairman's notes for the Bank of England, and of Murray, Fairman and Co's notes for American banks, are the most remarkable performances of the kind that have been yet seen. We are glad to say that the Philadelphia manufacture is not inferior to the London, in elegance of execution or beauty of design.

No. 174 is the very elaborate and masterly engraving by Longacre, from Sully's portrait of Gen. Jackson. We should be glad to see a likeness of Washington in the same style; there are now very few good prints to be had of that great man.

No. 176. Flowers on silk, in *the-orem painting*. This is a new application of a well known mode of laying on colours, by which flowers or fruit, or birds, or even landscapes, may, with great facility, be copied very beautifully. It will be chiefly useful in ornamental fancy work, such as the decoration of fire screens, card racks, &c. and will enable ladies to ornament their furniture with elegance, without requiring any great skill or labour.

We have not noticed the pictures by foreign artists, which add to the attraction of the rooms, because we have wished to speak of the works of our own artists, in the first place; the chief object of the Academy being to foster domestic talent. We have yet to visit the gallery, all the pictures above spoken of being in the first room or 'Saloon.'

A.

[To be continued.]

LECTURES ON POETRY.

BY T. CAMPBELL.

[From the May No. of the New Monthly Magazine.]

Lecture II—Part II.

HEBREW POETRY.

The last years of David's reign, and the whole of Solomon's, with the exception of its conclusion, form the most brilliant epoch of Hebrew history. The nation then attained to a degree of wealth, importance and security, from which it afterwards irrecoverably declined by the separation of the ten tribes. Solomon confirmed his possession of the throne by the deaths of his brother

Adonijah and of the veteran Joab; and although Jeroboam is mentioned* as having "lifted up his hand against him" during his life time, yet his efforts were neither successful, nor even formidable. David's conquests in Idumea had extended the national boundaries as far as the Red Sea; and the acquisition of a harbour on the Arabian coast excited the ambition of Solomon to make his country maritime power. The alliance with the Tyrians supplied him with seamen for equipping his navy as well as with artisans for adorning his capitol. He built magnificent cities—he enriched himself by commercial imposts, and he was said, in the bold phraseology of the east, to have made "*silver in Jeru-salem as stones, and cedars as the sycamore-trees that are in abundance in the valleys*,"† so that the refinement which was begun by David was fostered by him into absolute luxury. It is true that his civil government was not unburethensome to the people, as we find by their address to his son and successor, Rehoboam;‡ and even before his lapse into idolatry he had swerved from the true spirit of the Mosaic system by his encouragement of trading intercourse, and by his example of intermarriage with foreigners. Yet still, taken all in all, his reign was flattering to the public pride, and propitious to the cultivation of literature. It was peaceable and magnificent; and the popular mind seems to have bowed during his life time before his splendid prosperity and gifted endowments. For he adorned royalty with an intellectual reputation that was not obliterated from his memory, even by his religious apostacy. We look back, therefore, to Solomon's reign as to a bright and tranquil noon-tide in Hebrew history. The remaining day of the national existence, with but few and short intervals, was overcast with tempestuous calamities; and the voice of Poetry reaches us from those times only in the thunders of prophecy.

The writings ascribed to Solomon certainly coincide with the conception which history affords us of his personal character, and of the cir-

cumstances of his reign. Such circumstances give a leisure at once favourable to the intellect, and dangerous to the indulgence of the passions. It was the fate of the wisest and most eloquent of moralists to experience this two-fold and opposite influence of peace and prosperity. His poetry is accordingly an antithesis in its different parts, of the soberest moral thought, and the most luxuriant imagination. It breathes no oracular terrors—it glows with neither martial figures nor heroic enthusiasm—but abounds either in intellectual reflections, or in allusions to the blandishments of pleasure. In the Proverbs we see the sagacity that was imputed to him; in the Song of Songs the sumptuous revelry of his fancy; and in the Preacher we meet with a mind satiated with human happiness, and convinced of its vanity, exhorting us to value nothing but the fear of God and the obedience of his commandments.

It would be departing presumptuously from the subject of these lectures, to examine the mystical religious meaning supposed to be couched under the erotic poetry of Solomon. But as the Song of Songs is completely a pastoral and amatory poem in its imagery and structure, we may appreciate its value, as a work of imagination, without interfering in the least degree with its typical sense. Considered merely as a relic of national poetry, it has sometimes been preferred to the most beautiful idyls of classical antiquity. In the warm colours and profusion of its imagery, it may be allowed to be superior to the pastoral productions of the Western muse; but it is by no means their equal in taste, design or execution. The pictures of nature in Theocritus and Virgil charm us by their perfect distinctness and keeping. We converse familiarly with their living objects, and their landscapes, situations and characters are all defined to the imagination. But in the Song of Solomon, a mystery and vagueness hang over our conception of the being who (in a human sense) utters the passion of the poem, and who is addressed as its object. The voices and responses of love murmur around us, but the speakers and their circumstances shift ambiguously and abruptly. At times,

indeed, we have delicious glimpses of scenery, and seem to breathe in the air of a rich oriental landscape. "*The winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grapes give a goodly smell. The singing of birds and the voice of the turtle is heard in the land*" Yet the poet's touches, sweet and magnificent as they are, rather supply the fancy with a desultory dream of luxury, than impress the heart with an intelligent interest in human manners and feelings.

When we turn to the Proverbs, however, we find a monument of Hebrew genius superior to every production in the same walk of composition. David fostered the poetical enthusiasm of his people, and was, in a stricter sense than Solomon, their poetical sovereign and representative. But the Hebrew mind was now become more fitted than formerly for intellectual impressions from literature; and Solomon employed his genius in giving the maxims of morality a diction pointed to the understanding, as well as electrifying to the fancy. The proverbs of a people always form their first step of advance towards philosophy; and the state of the Jews at this period may be compared to that of the Greeks, when they received the sayings of Solon, Pythagoras and Theognis. But the gnomic or sententious remains of the Pagan moralists, as rudiments of philosophical literature appear insignificant, when compared with those of the Hebrew monarch, who drew the ethical spirit of his poetry from a grand and simple religious creed. Hence he has no division of doctrines for the initiated and the profane. His precepts are clear, consistent and elevated truths, tersely expressed and spiritedly illustrated. In one or two expressions, perhaps, may be traced something to remind us of the old enigmatical form, in which it was usual with the Jews, as with all early nations, to couch the sayings of the wise—a custom exemplified by the riddles which Sampson prided himself in proposing to the Philistines. But Solomon, to look at the Proverbs as a whole, stripped his wisdom of all fantastical mystery, when he addressed himself to the instruction

* 1 Kings, xxi. v. 26.

† 2 Chron. ix. 27.

‡ 1 Kings, xi. 4.

of his people. The book has nothing abstruse, nothing jarring in doctrine, and nothing ascetic. On the contrary it recommends, in the most pointed manner, to cherish a cheerful heart; and if the idea of levity could be separated from wit, we might almost venture to attach the latter term to the animated ingenuity of the Proverbs. Without either formal reasoning or arrangement of parts, the book embraces a code of instruction directly applicable to all the duties of life. Does the poet inculcate temperance, how emphatic is the question, "*Who hath woe, who hath sorrow, who hath contentions, who hath wounds without cause, who hath redness of eyes, but they that tarry at the wine?*" Does he speak of humility, how brief and weighty is the apothegm—"Before destruction the heart of man is haughty, and before honour goeth humility." How impressive is his saying on temper, that "*he who is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than one that taketh a city.*" How emphatical are the few words recommending humanity, "*Whoso mocketh the poor reproacheth his Maker:*" and can there be a more striking admonition to industry than "*Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise; which having no guide, overseer, or ruler, provideth her meat in the summer, and gathereth her food in the harvest.*"

[*To be continued.*]

ANALECTA.

GODWIN ON POPULATION.*

[From a review in a late number of the Monthly Review.]

Book IV. treats "Of the Population of the United States of North America." Taking the hint from Archimedes. Mr. Malthus has raised the old world by fixing his fulcrum on the new one; and he has peremptorily stated that, in North America, population has gone on doubling itself every twenty-five years for a century and a half successively, by procreation only. If this be correct, the fecundity of the women is greater, or the mortality of their

offspring is less there than in other countries; the alternative is inevitable; and it became Mr. Malthus to prove his proposition from unquestionable documents, before he attempted to frighten mankind with its consequences. Perhaps more human beings are born from a given population in the United States than any where else; but where are his registers to prove what his statement requires, namely, that there are eight births to a marriage in North America, while in Europe, Asia, Africa and South America, we can make only four? Perhaps in a given population in North America, only four deaths occur for every eight in a country in which the population is stationary. Where are the registers? It must be so, or Mr. Malthus' theory bursts like a soap-bubble in the air; and vice and misery, for the good of mankind, are in double activity on this side of the Atlantic. The syllogism is simple: Mr. Godwin states it thus:

* Mr. Malthus would have done better if he had fixed his fulcrum at Constantinople; though, perhaps, we might then have exclaimed, '*Plague take your geometrical ratio.*' Gossiping over Lady M. W. Montague's Letters the other day, we met with the following passage: "In this country 'tis more despicable to be married and not fruitful, than 'tis with us to be fruitful before marriage. They have a notion, that whenever a woman leaves off bringing forth children, 'tis because she is too old for that business, whatever her face says to the contrary. This opinion makes the ladies here so ready to make proofs of their youth, (which is as necessary in order to be a received beauty, as it is to show the proofs of nobility to be admitted knights of Malta) that they do not content themselves with using the natural means, but fly to all sorts of quackeries to avoid the scandal of being past child-bearing, and often kill themselves by them. Without any exaggeration, all the women of my acquaintance have twelve or thirteen children; and the old ones boast of having had five-and-twenty or thirty a-piece, and are respected according to the number they have produced. When they are with child, 'tis their common expression to say, *They hope God will be so merciful as to send them two this time*; and when I have asked them, sometimes, how they expected to provide for such a flock as they desire? they answered, that *the plague will certainly kill half of them; which, indeed, generally happens*, without much concern to the parents, who are satisfied with the vanity of having brought forth so plentifully."

in the United States, a given number of children die, and yet the population is doubled in every generation: if as many, in proportion, are born in China, or any other country in which the population is at a stand, as in the United States, not only that number must die, but also another number, equal to the number of children that die in the United States, added to the number of mature persons that might be found necessary barely to keep up the race. Human life, then, is worth twice as many years' purchase in North America as it is in Europe, and of course the annual premium on life-assurances, &c. is exactly the half of that which it bears here.

Mr. Godwin knows very well that all his readers would not be satisfied with a mere negative demonstration. It is true, indeed, that he has given proof on proof, and heaped Pelion on Ossa, to show that the ratio of increase in the old world is not, never was under the most favourable circumstances, and never can be, till the nature and constitution of man is altered, what Mr. Malthus asserts it to be in North America. "It has there been found to double itself, for above a century and a half successively, in less than twenty-five years." Were it so, this alone proves no ratio of human increase. A favourite farce at Covent-Garden might draw half the audience from Drury-lane at the end of the play, and here would be a transfer of population, merely; but Mr. Malthus affirms that this periodical duplication "has been repeatedly ascertained to be from procreation only." Now this is the basis on which he has built his edifice, and it is either a rock or a sand-bank. He has brought forward no registers of births and marriages, to prove the proportion of eight of the former to one of the latter: yet this was indispensable to his theory; because, to keep the population of a country from declining, four births to a marriage are required, and of course eight to double it in a generation. Mr. M. appeals to the "three regular censuses of 1790, 1800, and 181," as more than confirming his statement; but Mr. Godwin meets him on this ground, takes the figures as they are given, admits their perfect accuracy, and then clearly proves that, throughout the United

* An Enquiry concerning the Power of Increase in the numbers of Mankind; being an answer to Mr. Malthus' Essay on that subject. By William Godwin. London, 1820. 8vo. pp. 626.

States, population, as far as it depends on procreation, is at a stand; for that on an average the births are not more than four to every female capable of child-bearing. Then how are we to account for the actual and admitted increase of the population of the United States, so vastly exceeding that which the fecundity of the women supplies? This is by no means the least interesting part of the very interesting and valuable work before us. Men and women do not drop from the clouds; we hear of no Deucalion and Pyrrha consulting the oracle of Themis, and raising a population from the bones of their mother Earth. No; American population rises from the sea. Every wind that blows fills the sails of some vessel bearing emigrants to America from one quarter of the globe or another; and her population-tables, instead of presenting, as they ought to do, a supernumerary race of children, rather announce a race of full grown men and women just emerged from the waves. America is half peopled by adventurers; by persons in the maturity of life, whom the spirit of enterprise has brought to her shores. No one denies the rapid increase of population in North America. If we look at the mild and liberal government of the United States in civil and religious concerns, at the high price of labour, the light pressure of taxes, the exemption from tythes and poor-rates, the low value, or rather the gratuitous allotment of large tracts of land, the general pacific disposition of the government, and the great encouragement given to all those who, from whatever feeling of real or imaginary grievance at home, are desirous of settling in their territories—we might be more surprised that the population is not doubled there in 10 or 15 years than that it is doubled in 25. The cause of the rapid increase of population in North America is, in one word, EMIGRATION from other states.

The white population of 1800 was 4,305,971. These in 10 years would be diminished by a fourth. It is very improbable that more than 3,200,000 would have been alive in 1810, for whatever proportion the births of that country may bear to the whole population, the proportion of deaths is certainly greater than in Europe. These 3,200,000 then should have constituted the number of

those above 10 years of age in the census of 1810, had there been no importation from other countries. But the actual census above 10 years of age was 3,845,389, giving a surplus of 645,389, which can be accounted for in no other way than by emigration. The census of 1810 contains also 2,016,704 children under 10 years. Part of these, too, as well as the deaths of emigrants since their arrival, should be added to the 645,389 above stated; and therefore of the 1,556,122 persons, which the census of 1810 exhibits beyond that of 1800, it is as clear as sunshine that nearly one half was added by direct emigration. Of the effects on the increase of population by the introduction of grown-up persons we have already spoken; and, adverting to these effects along with the statements now given, the additional population is completely accounted for, without supposing a power of procreation beyond what is found to prevail among European nations.

The history, which Mr. Godwin has sketched with a rapid pen, of emigration from Europe to North America, in the seventeenth century, and up to the present time, is a confirmation "strong as holy writ" of his position that to this cause, and to *this only*, is the increasing population of North America to be ascribed. It strikes us as somewhat remarkable that Mr. Malthus, when he published the first edition of his essay, went a hundred and fifty years back, and took that date as the period from which his geometrical ratio of increase began to work in America; for it was about seventeen years before that period, namely, about 1630, that the tide of emigration first began to set from the shores of England to those of America. The effect of sending forth full grown men and women was just become visible in the rapid increase of population there; since every such emigrant, for the purpose of procreation, must be considered as equal to two human beings indiscriminately taken from the rising generation of an old established country. The best statistical tables have shown us that, for four children born into the world, we can reckon only one female who by child bearing can contribute to keep up or increase the numbers of mankind in the next generation: but those who emigrate in the flower of their lives have already surmounted the dangers of infancy, childhood, and early life; they go at once as

healthily and efficient propagators, if the expression may be used without offence; and not, as the population actually exists in Europe, exhibiting every gradation, from the imbecility of infancy to that of age, from the cradle to the grave. It is by no means unreasonable, therefore, out of every four to count on two females instead of one, who may contribute to the future population of the country: with a proportionate number of males to give efficiency to the prolific principle. A remarkable coincidence, then, exists as to the period of time when the tide of emigration first rolled across the Atlantic, and when, according to Mr. Malthus, the "double double toil and trouble" of the geometrical ratio of human increase first began to exhibit its direful effects in America. Had he been contented to state the simple fact of such a transference of population, old Europe might, perhaps, have shed a few tears of regret at the departure of her sons and daughters, and have seriously considered within herself whether there was not some mismanagement—some unnecessary severity, perchance, in her own behaviour—which had driven them from home; and these "compunctious visitations" would have been attended with advantage. When, however, Mr. Malthus asserts that this rapid reduplication goes on with an accelerated velocity by the force of "procreation only;" and when on this dogma he founds one of the most heart-breaking doctrines that could ever suggest itself to a mortal being; namely, that the population of his fellow creatures is to be kept down, the door of existence shut, or the table of nature denied to them; that vice is to grow out of virtue, misery out of happiness, famine out of abundance, and that the empire of Reason is to be usurped by violence, lust, and rapine—when such consequences as these are represented to flow from the unrestricted principle of population, it is time to show that the principle is destitute of foundation.

Whatever confidence Mr. Godwin may reasonably be expected to feel "in the exuberant strength of his argument," he has fully redeemed the pledge which he set out with making, that he should not leave his readers to seek for evidence of

the truth of his propositions elsewhere. Not contented, therefore, with showing that the rapid increase of population in North America could not possibly be the result of "procreation only," he has evinced that it actually is the result of emigration only. We should cheerfully enter into this subject, but are fearful of trespassing too much on our readers. The whole of the fourth book, in which the History of Emigration from different parts of Europe is traced; the topography and political condition of the United States considered; the prevalent diseases noticed which render the term of human life there *shorter than in Europe*; and in which the population censuses are analyzed and examined, is full of curious and interesting matter.

Book V. treats 'Of the Means which the Earth affords for the Subsistence of Man.' Having destroyed the geometrical ratio of human increase,—"a source of mischief to mankind," Mr. Malthus assures us, "in comparison of which, all the evils entailed upon us by human institutions are in reality light and superficial,"—Mr. Godwin now attacks the other branch of his doctrine; namely, the arithmetical ratio by which alone the means of subsistence can be extracted. This is obviously *now* become a work of supererogation. The human race, so far from increasing geometrically, appears to be stationary as to its numbers; and this being the case, the arithmetical augmentation of the means of subsistence is more than sufficient. Nature is not niggardly; there is ample space, and verge, and fertility enough in this vast globe; its boundless oceans teeming with life, its "unconquered forests" and immense deserts, the asylum only of wild beasts, and where the footsteps of man have not yet trodden, may support a population of human beings, amply and redundantly, thirty fold greater than are now in existence.

This division of Mr. G's work is excellent, as far as the argument is concerned: but it is not written with that calmness of temper which might be expected from so subtle and philosophic a reasoner as its author. Achilles would have been incomparably greater if he had not insulted the body of Hector by drag-

ging it in triumph round the tomb of Patroclus. Mr. Godwin is too sarcastic and contemptuous.* It is in this book that he has indulged in some fancies which remind us of the author of "An Enquiry concerning Political Justice," and which will subject him to considerable ridicule: but his speculations, as to any future amelioration in society, are at least honourable to human nature, bright, and exhilarating, even as a dream.

The sixth and concluding book treats 'of the moral and political maxims inculcated in the Essay on Population.' The object of this section is to display the character and spirit of that essay; and 'to show to those who have followed this leader so far, under what sort of banner they have marshalled themselves.' Whatever Mr. Burke might say, the age of chivalry is *not* gone; for Mr. Godwin has drawn his trusty blade to defend the character of the female sex, and has redeemed it from the infamy to which it had been consigned by the doctrines of Mr. Malthus. The sum-total is this, that the attainable standard of perfection, which Mr. Godwin has fixed for the human race, is vastly greater when compared with the standard of Mr. Malthus, than the geometrical ratio which the latter has fancifully attributed to the natural multiplication of the human species is greater than the stunted and dwarfish ratio of increase which he has conceded to the productiveness of the earth. If the evils occasioned by human institutions are "mere feathers that float on the surface," compared with those deeper-seated causes of evil which are immovably fixed in our nature, and if these institutions can do but little harm, it must be admitted that they are equally inefficient in doing good. This is just the language of a courtier, who, as soon as he has stepped over the threshold of St. James's, whatever grievances in the constitution he may have before perceived, now sees every thing in a new light; the people rise

from their depression, and the nation flourishes in peace and plenty; while every attempt at improvement is like heightening the beauties of Paradise, or mending the air of Elysium.*

Zoroaster, the great philosopher and prophet of the Persians, endeavoured to reconcile the existence of moral and physical evil with the attributes of a beneficent creator and governor of the world, by introducing into his system of theology two active and antagonistic principles of the universe; *Ormuzd*, the principle of good, eternally absorbed in light; and *Ahriman*, the principle of evil, eternally buried in darkness. The wise benevolence of *Ormuzd* formed man capable of virtue, and abundantly provided his fair habitation with the materials of happiness; but the malice of *Ahriman*, in the phraseology of the Zendavesta, long ago pierced *Ormuzd's* egg, and violated the harmony of his works. Since that fatal irruption, good and evil have been intimately intermingled, the rankest poisons springing from the most salutary plants; but the conflict is not to last for ever; and the faithful Persian fights under the banner of light, in full confidence that he shall in the last day share the glory of the triumph of *Ormuzd*. At that decisive period, the enlightened wisdom of goodness will render the power of *Ormuzd* superior to the furious malice of his rival: *Ahriman* and his followers, disarmed and subdued, will sink into their native darkness; and virtue will maintain the eternal peace and harmony of the universe.†—The beneficent Creator of the world "made man a little lower than the angels," endued him with reason and understanding, and clothed him with honour and glory. *Ahriman*, the principle of evil, the geometrical ratio, has endeavoured to lower him to the level of the brutes, and to strip him of those attributes which once were deemed the proud and preeminent distinction of his nature:—but the victory is gained by *Ormuzd*, *Ahriman* is slain, and his spirit has fled to the shades below:

— "illi solvuntur frigore membra,
Vitaque cum gemitu fugit indignata sub
umbras."
Æn. xii. 951.

* Quoted from an old pamphlet on the Liberty of the Press, by Mr. Hall.

† See Gibbon's Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire.

* He makes an apology, however, in his preface, for having occasionally been hurried into undue warmth of expression, and pays a just encomium to the personal character and manners of Mr. Malthus, while he regards his doctrines with abhorrence.—Mr. M., we are confident, will not forget the distinction.

Criticism on the English Bar.

(Continue! from page 392.)

MR. BROUGHAM.

—Tell not me of times or danger
thus!

To do a villany is dangerous;
But in an honest action my heart knows
No more of fear than dead men do of
blows:

And to be slave to times is worse to me
Than to be that which most men fear
to be. *C Withers' Motto.*

It may be said, that in order to arrive at the subject of the present article, I have passed over many individuals, who, in point of seniority at least, might claim precedence—that if I step behind the bar, I am encountered by Messrs. Lawes, Barrow, and many others, who being omitted, may think they have some reason to complain of neglect: as however, I am influenced not merely by the claims of rank and standing, but by those of talent and acquirement, those gentlemen perhaps, may have more reason to rejoice, that though occupying the front row in court, as far as these articles are concerned, I have let them remain in the back ground. Undoubtedly they are men of great respectability in their line, but I am not aware that they deserve any particular remark—or, in other words, that any thing I could say regarding them and their practice would materially illustrate the subject upon which I am engaged: not that I affect to be influenced solely by considerations of public utility: it is not by being useful merely that a man now-a-days, or indeed, at any time, can procure and fix attention; he must often be contented with making that a secondary and least obvious purpose: “utility is not a butt at which a man may appear to take a direct aim.”

The friends of those gentlemen whom I think it proper to exclude from observation, may also urge, that Mr. Brougham can have but little expectation to find his name among criticisms upon those who practise at the bar; and to a certain extent they are in the right: true it is that Mr. Brougham seldom makes his appearance in any of the courts at Westminster among men, (to use the well known words of a well known orator, *contentionis quam veritatis cupidores*; but I do not know that the quantity of business an in-

dividual enjoys is the rule by which I should be guided in my selection, nor do I exactly see why the notion of *the bar* should be so narrowed: undoubtedly many more cases and causes are heard in those courts than elsewhere, but they are often, almost always, of much less importance than such as are discussed and decided before the two great courts of appeal, the privy council, and the house of lords: here, too, the business is more profitable; and, as Mr. Brougham, from the nature of his other engagements, both parliamentary and private, cannot give that close attendance in the king's bench which is necessary for successful practice, he prudently confines his principal attention to them: in the cockpit he is often employed, and in the house of lords, when the lord chancellor sits there, his attendance is almost daily. Surely such occupations, (independent of his representative character, which in an article like the present is inevitably coupled with his legal capacity,) are much more worthy of criticism and remark, than paltry motions for rules to show cause upon points of practice, or formal references to the master. In cases of real magnitude, however, Mr. Brougham does not refuse his presence and assistance in the court of king's bench; and not many terms ago he sought, through the authority of their lordships, to compel the bank of England to render some account of its unknown and enormous profits—profits not merely derived from the pockets, but made out of the lives, of the subjects of the country, as was indisputably established in a late session of parliament. In fact, on trifling occasions it is not worth his while to appear; nor is it to be denied, that from his little acquaintance with the technical routine of business, most of the industrious note-taking juniors of the back-rows would be more competent. I do not apprehend that any applause is due to him on the score of an accurate acquaintance with the feemultiplying intricacies of *Tidd's Practice*.

If a knowledge of these matters constitute a lawyer, (and in the more modern acceptance of the word perhaps it does,) Mr. Brougham has but little right to that title: I believe he is about the last man who would

wish to make any pretensions to it: he is an able and zealous advocate, learned in the first principles and foundations of jurisprudence, in the spirit in which laws originated, the purposes for which they were established, the disadvantages that have resulted from them, the corruptions that have since crept into them; and he is better acquainted with the mind than with the body of the law; with the spirit than with the substance; and all unimportant details he rejects as matters partly introduced by lawyers, for pecuniary objects, to make the subject as unintelligible as possible, and partly the effect of time and altered circumstances. Yet where details are necessary to the comprehending of a particular topic, the labour he bestows upon it is unceasing, and the mass of information he collects is astonishing: still he seems never overwhelmed by it;—he always keeps steadily in his eye the object to which he ought to direct his inquiries, and all he obtains in his researches is adapted by him to its proper situation. He is almost the only man I ever heard of, perhaps the only man at the bar, who is at the same time capable of taking the most enlarged view of any question, and investigating, when necessary, its most involved *minutiae*, producing order and consistency out of apparent confusion and discordance. There are very few men, and now unhappily still fewer lawyers, who enjoy that expansion of mind which can look at a wide subject, in all its bearings,—as if it were laid down in a sort of intellectual map before them, with its boundaries and relations. There are a thousand beings in the profession who seem born only to become and continue drudges, who grope in the dark and sometimes bring to light what they do not understand the use of, but what others comprehend and apply; but Mr. Brougham stands alone pre-eminent as a man who includes in himself the most valuable of these qualifications—his intellect is capable of embracing the most expanded subject—his industry is competent to the examination of its most obscure particulars—and his acuteness and judgment enable him to refer to its best use and proper place every particle of information he acquires. There seems no task too difficult for

his ardour to attempt, and he always appears more animated by the glory of success than deterred by the disgrace of failure: obstacles that would appal others, animate his exertions—urge him forward, and inspire him with additional powers and energies—with an undaunted resolution to overcome and accomplish: he seems

— a spirit that on life's rough sea
Loves to have his sails fill'd with a lusty
wind,

Even till his sail-yards tremble, his masts
crack,

And his rapt ship run on her side so low
That she drinks water and her keel
ploughs air.

G. Chapman's Byron's Consp. A. 4

Such, if I may use the expression, is Mr. Brougham in theory; but I am quite ready to allow, that he is by no means all this in practice on every occasion. His labours, as an advocate, are marked by great ability, much knowledge, and a strong and laudable anxiety in favour of the party for whom he is engaged. I believe that few suitors, who from time to time have employed him, have had good reason to complain that he neglected their interests, or amid his numerous avocations, that he did not use his utmost exertions, whether of study or argument, in their favour.—I do not consider him so close a reasoner as many of his professional opponents; but he is distinct in his statements, acute in his observations, and generally sure in his conclusions: if he now and then wanders a little from the strict line of discussion, it is seldom without some result, which leaves little reason to regret that he travelled out of his course. The matters upon which he is usually engaged in his professional capacity, the place where they are considered, and the persons before whom they are discussed, preclude almost the possibility of displaying more talent than men of less talent than Mr. Brougham possess.—In questions relating to the law of Scotland, I am informed that his opinion is looked up to by high authorities with great respect.

Mr. Brougham's parliamentary is not, perhaps, quite so distinct from his professional character as could be wished; or, to speak more plainly, he is rather too much of a lawyer in a place from which I should wish to see all mere lawyers excluded. What I mean will be readily understood by those who recollect the

prefatory remarks I made in the criticism upon Mr. Sergeant Copley, to explain why instances were so rare, in which men brought up to the law, and obtaining a considerable share of business, were successful as speakers in the House of Commons, or Lords. It is true, that much of what I then said will apply less to Mr. Brougham than to the learned gentleman whose qualifications were then under discussion, because in the technical sense of the word, the former is less of a lawyer than the latter; and what is, perhaps, more important, he has had little or nothing to do with *Nisi Prius* practice. It may seem strange to many, but it is not less true, that there are scarcely any two things more distinct, than the speech of an advocate to a jury, and the speech of a representative in parliament;—they have probably little more in common than the continuous flow of language and the purpose of persuasion: the means by which the end is to be attained are very similar. I do not intend again to enter into this subject, which I before tolerably fully discussed, and I only recur to it to make more intelligible what I wish to be understood, when I say, that Mr. Brougham is too much of a Lawyer in Parliament: he wanders about too much in search of objections to what he is urging; he takes pains to conjure up what, perhaps, but for his ingenuity would not have been produced against him; he furnishes his antagonists with weapons instead of driving right on to the end of his subject, and illustrating and enforcing it by every auxiliary circumstance. If an objection be obvious, it may be well to remove the apparent obstacle; but when a plain road is open, it is idle to desert it for the sake of scrambling over hedges and ditches.

It is on this account principally that I am by no means an admirer of the mode in which Mr. Brougham brings forward a great subject in a set speech, after long study and deliberation: it has a great deal too much of the *Edinburgh Review* about it;—not that I wish to speak slightly of that, perhaps, incomparable production in its kind, but I wish to show that there ought to be a great difference between a sort of *expose* of a whole subject in the pages of that miscellany, and a

speech in the House of Commons to a popular assembly, and through that assembly to the whole nation. That his harangues upon such occasions are infinitely laboured in the matter, I readily allow; that he goes not only to the bottom of a subject, but examines it on all sides “with a most learned spirit of human dealing,” I have already stated; but independently of the objection that it may be too learned and too laboured for the occasion, (which may fairly admit of dispute,) I say that he weakens himself and his argument, and fatigues even his most willing hearers, by doing much more than is necessary. It is true, that after a long debate the House is generally too impatient, to listen to the most favoured speaker in what is termed the reply or the summing up of the mover, and it may be urged, that Mr. Brougham is anxious to give at once and in one view his own arguments, the points that will be advanced in opposition to them, and his refutation of those points. This may be so; but still the proceeding is injudicious, and he should recollect, that he is not the only Member in the House who is likely to support that side of the question: his practice in the profession might have taught him, that an Advocate will generally, from motives of prudence, leave so nothing to his junior, without tiring the Court by requiring it to listen only to one Counsel on one side, who will speak at such length as to exhaust both his subject and his auditors. On occasions like these to which I refer, Mr. Brougham engrosses the whole debate: it is too much to require any set of men to listen unceasingly to a single voice for four, five, and six hours, in succession.

I confess that I think he is never heard to such advantage as in reply, and especially in reply to the flimsy flippancies of Mr. Canning: it is quite heart-rejoicing to see him turn upon his back this bodiless porcupine, who has all his life been darting a venomous quill at every party that would not patronize him: no man does it so well or so effectually as Mr. Brougham; and Mr. Canning knows it, and fears it: he always endeavours to postpone speaking until Mr. Brougham has been heard, and then he runs riot in the insolence of his uncontrolled self-suffi-

ciency. Every recent session has afforded several instances in point; and on one occasion I well remember Mr. Canning made a formal complaint to the House, that Mr. Brougham could so seldom be drawn from "his lurking place" until after he (Mr. Canning) had risen.

The chief characteristic of Mr. Brougham's stile of speaking is nervous energy: he aims at little refinement: he would rather say a thing in a strong than in an elegant way; and to make himself distinctly intelligible, does not scruple sometimes to utter acknowledged vulgarisms: he takes no pains about the formation of his periods; and if his expressions are well chosen and well adapted, he is more indebted to the inspiration of the subject, than to previous and deliberate purpose. I do not think that his eloquence ever goes much beyond the forcible and the argumentative; and though, when he was a younger man, I have once or twice known him attempt to wind up an harangue by a studied peroration, I cannot say that he was successful; and his early abandonment of the practice, shows that his persuasion was the same. His style of address is therefore peculiarly adapted to replies, and his memory appears so tenacious, that he has little need of notes to prompt him either with the arguments on the other side, or with the answers he intends to give them.

His voice and manner are not the happiest: the first is capable of musical intonation, but he neglects all art, and often very impolitely commences in so high a key, that he is exhausted before he arrives at his conclusion: many men, who are not gifted with lungs so strong, would be worn out long before. His action is unvaried, and not by any means well calculated to add to the force of what he is urging: he sways both arms in the same direction and at the same time, and if he happen by accident to place his hat under one of them, it is a considerable relief to the eye.

There is one suggestion I would offer with diffidence, in conclusion, chiefly because I wish Mr. Brougham to lose none of his impressiveness in the house, or his influence in the country; and that is that he should not allow himself so frequently to be roused to take part in

a debate.* I know that with a man of strong feelings this self-command and restraint is a matter of difficult attainment, especially with so many provocatives on the one side, and so few members, from recent calamities, capable of speaking with much effect on the other. Had I adverted to this subject before the last Session, I should probably also have suggested, that he should shorten his addresses by judicious compression.

A Memorable Duel.

From Keppel Craven's *Tour through the Kingdom of Naples*.

"I cannot find that Ostuni is noted for any particular event in remote or recent times, except a celebrated duel, which took place in the town about the year 1664, the details of which are so strongly indicative of the temper and manners of the times, that they may perhaps plead an excuse for their insertion.

"The management of the sword, as an offensive and defensive weapon, was at that period not only considered as the most fashionable and manly accomplishment which a nobleman could possess, but was generally practised by all ranks of persons; for it is noted that even at a less remote era the fishermen of Taranto, after the daily labours imposed by the exercise of their profession, were wont to meet in the evening, and resort to the recreation of fencing. The barbarous custom of duelling, maintained in its full force by false notions of honour and prerogative, the inefficiency of the laws, and the errors of feudal institutions, contributed no doubt to ennoble this sanguinary art, and extend the prevalence of its exercise throughout the realm.

"The Count of Conversano, called also Duke of Le Noci, of the family of Aquaviva, and the Prince of Francavilla, of that of Imperiali, were the two most powerful lords in lower Apulia: the former boasted of his ancient descent, his numerous titles, and his great domains, and numbered among his predecessors a succession of nobles whose tyrannical and violent disposition had designated them as a race dreaded by their inferiors, and hated by their equals. The prince of Francavilla was of Geno-

* This fault Mr. Brougham corrected in the last Session—perhaps he went too much into the contrary extreme.

ese extraction, but his family had been settled in the kingdom from the time of Charles the fifth, and he emulated the count in pride, while he surpassed him in wealth. Their territories joined, and the constant litigations arising out of their inordinate but ill-timed jurisdictions were thereby superadded to the long list of mutual injuries recorded by both families. Their animosity broke out at Naples, on some trifling occasion, when they were each in their carriage, and after a long contest of words the count of Conversano challenged the prince of Francavilla to decide their difference by the sword; the latter declined this mode of combat, as ill suited to his age and infirmities, but consented to the duel if the arms might be exchanged for pistols. His antagonist, who was esteemed the best swordsman in the kingdom, insisted on his first proposal, and excited the Prince to accede to it by the application of several blows with the flat side of of his weapon. An insult so grossly offered in the public streets authorised the existing government, carried on through the administration of a Viceroy, to suspend or check the consequences likely to arise by placing the aggressor under arrest for a time, and subsequently ordering them both to retire to their respective estates. But the feelings of unsatisfied hatred in the one, and of insulted pride in the other, were not likely to be allayed by this exclusion from the world; and in a short time the Prince of Francavilla proposed a champion in his cause, in the person of his sister's only son, the Duke of Martina, of the house of Carraccioli. This young man was but just returned from his travels, and his education was not completed, so that although the Count of Conversano admitted, with a brutal anticipation of success, the substitution of this youthful adversary, it was agreed that a year more should elapse previous to the final termination of their differences, and the field of battle was fixed at Ostuni, the jurisdiction of which town had been previously claimed and disputed by both noblemen. The eyes of the whole kingdom were directed with anxious and fearful expectation towards this spot; but the wishes of the majority were entirely on the side of the Duke of Martina,

whose youth, accomplishments, and amiable disposition called forth the interest of all ranks. His uncle, actuated more by the apprehensions of shame in the event of defeat, than by feelings of affection for his relative, endeavoured to insure success by the following stratagem: A gentleman, who had been some time, as was the custom in those days, a retainer in his family, left it abruptly one night, and sought the Count of Conversano's castle, into which he gained admission by a recital of injurious treatment and fictitious wrongs, heaped upon him by the tyrannical and arbitrary temper of the Prince of Francavilla. A complaint of this nature was always the passport to the Count's favour and good graces, and he not only admitted this gentleman to the full enjoyment of his princely hospitality, but having found that he was an experienced and dexterous swordsman, passed most of his time in practising with him that art, which he soon hoped would insure the triumph he valued most on earth. A few days previous to that fixed for the duel, the guest, under pretence of paying a visit to his relatives, withdrew from the Count of Conversano's territories, and secretly returned to those of his employer; where he lost no time in communicating to his nephew all the peculiarities and advantages repeated experience had enabled him to remark in the Count's manner of fencing. The Duke of Martina was thereby taught that the only chance of success which he could look to, was by keeping on the defensive during the early part of the combat: he was instructed that his antagonist, though avowedly the most able manager of the sword in the kingdom, was extremely violent, and that if he could parry the thrusts made on the first attack, however formidable from superior skill and strength of wrist and arm, he might perhaps afterwards obtain success over an adversary, whose person, somewhat inclined to corpulency, would speedily become exhausted from the effects of his own impetuosity. The Duke of Martina, furnished with this salutary advice, and strong in the conviction of what he deemed a just cause, awaited in calm anxiety the day of battle; and the behaviour of the two combatants on the last

morning strongly characterizes their different dispositions, as well as the manners and habits of the age they lived in. The Duke of Martina made his will, confessed himself, and took an affectionate leave of his mother, who retired to her oratory to pass in prayer the time her son devoted to the conflict; while the Count of Conversano ordered a sumptuous feast to be prepared, and invited his friends and retainers after the fight; he then carelessly bade his wife farewell, and brutally alluding to his adversary's youth and inexperience, remarked, *Vado a far un capretto**. They met at the place appointed: it was an open space before a monastery of friars at Ostuni; but these good fathers, by their intercession and prayers, prevailed upon the combatants to remove to another similar plot of ground, in front of the Capuchin convent, in the same town: here the bishop and clergy, carrying the Host in solemn procession, a tempted in vain to dissuade them from their bloody purpose: they were dismissed with scorn, and the duel began. It was of long duration, and afforded the Duke an opportunity of availing himself of the counsels he had received; when he found the Count began to be out of breath, and off his guard, he assumed the offensive part, and having wounded him, demanded if he was satisfied, and proposed to desist from any further hostility; but, stung to the soul by this unexpected reverse, the Count refused all offers of accommodation, and by blind revenge and redoubled animosity soon lost all command of himself, and received a second wound, which terminated the contest, together with his life. It appears that the Prince of Francavilla, whose principles were as little honourable as those of his adversary, and whose thirst of revenge was no less insatiable, had appointed a band of assassins to waylay and murder him on his way home, had he returned victorious from the conflict."

SCIENTIFIC AMUSEMENT.

[From the New Monthly Magazine.]

OF AUTOMATA.

While political economists amuse themselves and the public with the nicely-balanced powers of man as a

* I am going to kill a kid, or rather to make a kid.

propagating and eating animal, and philosophers and divines often assure us that he is, in other and higher respects, but a machine of a superior description; we, in especial deference to the latter grave authorities, have been entertaining ourselves with the notion of his mechanical construction, as contrasted with the various imitations of it, that have been occasionally offered to the world. We take it for granted, in this paper, that man is a machine, and shall not presume to arrogate for him any higher pretensions. We know nothing of his impulses as an animal, nor of the duties or influences to which he is subject as a rational being (if such he be); we only propose to introduce to our readers a variety of claimants for the honour of having made a part of him—of imitating portions of his organs, in their actual exercise—and isolated actions of his very mind. What wonder, if, in the progress of these efforts, our artists should occasionally have struck off a complete and clever duck, a learned fly, or a royal eagle!

Automata* have been favourite objects of mechanical contrivance from a very early period. If the term, indeed, may be allowed to include what some writers have considered under it, their history would quickly swell into a volume. The celebrated Glanvil, for instance, speaks of "the art whereby the Almighty governs the motions of the great automaton" of the universe! Bishop Wilkins ranks the sphere of Archimedes amongst the automata, or "such as move only according to the contrivance of their several parts, and not according to their whole frame." It was, in fact, an early orrery, according to Claudian: Jupiter in parvo cum cerneret aethera vitro,

Risit, et ad superos talia dicta dedit;
Hucine mortalis progressa potentia cure?

Jam meus in fragili luditur orbe labor,
&c.

This learned prelate has even extended the application of the term to machines moved (in consequence of their peculiar construction) by external forces or elements, as mills, ships, &c. Its modern acceptation,

* From *auto*, ipse; and *μαμα*, excitator, a self-excited, or self-moving machine.

however, and that to which we shall restrict ourselves, will not include all machines that are self, or internally moved. It is confined to the mechanical imitation of the functions and actions of *living animals*, and particularly those of man.

The celebrated story of the statue of Memnon (one of the wonders of Ancient Egypt) has some pretension to lead the way in this historical sketch. We have positive testimony* to the circumstance of the most beautiful sounds being emitted from this statue, at the rising and setting of the sun; and from the pedestal after the statue was overthrown. What was the contrivance in this case, it may be vain to conjecture; but automata are, by profession, a puzzling race. If a certain disposition of strings, exposed to the rarefaction of the air, or to the morning and evening breezes, after the manner of our *Æolian* harps, produced these sounds; or if any method of arranging the internal apertures so as to receive them from a short distance, were the artifice, a considerable acquaintance with the science of music, and with acoustics generally, will be argued. Wilkins quotes a musical invention of Cornelius Dreble of similar pretensions, which "being set in the sunshine, would, of itself, render a soft and pleasant harmony, but being removed into the shade would presently become silent."

The statues and the flight of *Dædalus* are equally famous—and, perhaps, fabulous. Aristotle, however, speaks of the former in his treatise *De Anima*, l. i. c. 3, as successful imitations of the human figure and human functions in walking, running, &c. and attempts to account for their motions by the concealment of quicksilver.

Archytas' flying dove (originally mentioned in *Favorinus*) is another of the ancient automata. The inventor is said to have flourished about B. C. 400, and was a Pythagorean philosopher at Tarentum. It was made of wood, and the principal circumstance of its history, which *Favorinus* mentions, is, that like some other birds of too much wing, when it alighted on the ground, it could not raise itself up again. *Aulus Gellius*, in his *Noctes Atticæ*, attempts to account for its flight, by observ-

ing (*Ita erat scilicet libramentis suspensum, et aura spiritus inclusu a atque occulta consitum, &c.*) that it was "suspended by balancing, and moved by a secretly inclosed aura, or spirit!"

Friar Bacon, we all know, made a brazen head that could speak, and that seems to have assisted, in no small degree, in proclaiming him a magician. *Albertus Magnus* is also said to have devoted thirty years of his life to the construction of an automaton, which the celebrated *Thomas Aquinas* broke purposely to pieces. Men, treated as these were by the age in which they lived, had no encouragement to hope that any details of their labours would reach posterity.

Amongst the curiosities of his day, *Walchius* mentions an iron spider of great ingenuity. In size it did not exceed the ordinary inhabitants of our houses, and could creep or climb with any of them, wanting none of their powers, except, of which nothing is said, the formation of the web. Various writers of credit, particularly *Kircher*, *Porta*, and bishop *Wilkins*, relate that the celebrated *Regiomontanus*, (*John Muller*) of Nuremberg, ventured a loftier flight of art. He is said to have constructed a self-moved wooden eagle, which descended toward the Emperor *Maximilian* as he approached the gates of Nuremberg, saluted him, and hovered over his person as he entered the town. This philosopher, according to the same authorities, also produced an iron fly, which would start from his hand at table, and after flying round to each of the guests, returned, as if wearied, to the protection of his master.

An hydraulic clock, presented to the Emperor *Charlemagne*, by the Caliph *Haroun al Rashid*, merits record in the history of these inventions. It excited the admiration of all Europe at the period of its arrival. Twelve small doors divided the dial into the twelve hours, and opened successively as each hour arrived, when a ball fell from the aperture on a brazen bell and struck the time, the door remaining open. At the conclusion of every twelve hours, twelve mounted knights, handsomely caparisoned, came out simultaneously from the dial, rode round the plate and closed the doors. *Dr. Clarke*, in his last volume of *Travels*,

(part iii. Scandinavia, sec. 1. 4to. 1819,) mentions a similar contrivance, in a clock at *Lubeck*, of the high antiquity of 1-05. Over the face is an image of *Jesus Christ*, on either side of which are folding doors, which fly open every day as the clock strikes twelve. A set of figures, representing the twelve apostles, then march forth on the left hand, and, bowing to our Saviour's image as they pass in succession, enter the door on the right. On the termination of the procession the doors close. This clock is also remarkably complete (for the age) in its astronomical apparatus; representing the place of the sun and moon in the ecliptic, the moon's age, &c.

Similar appendages to clocks and time-pieces became too common at the beginning of the last century to deserve particular notice. We should not, however, omit some of the productions of the *Le Droz* family, of *Neufchatel*. About the middle of the century, the elder *Le Droz* presented a clock to the King of Spain, with a sheep and dog attached to it. The bleating of the former was admirably correct, as an imitation; and the dog was placed in custody of a basket of loose fruit. If any one removed the fruit, he would growl, snarl, gnash his teeth, and endeavour to bite until it was restored.

The son of this artist was the original inventor of the musical boxes, which have of late been imported into this country. *Mr. Collinson*, a correspondent of *Dr. Hutton*, thus clearly describes this fascinating toy in a letter to the Doctor, inserted in his *Mathematical and Philosophical Dictionary*.

"When at Geneva I called upon *Droz*, son of the original *Droz* of *La Chaux de Fords* (where I also went). He showed me an oval gold snuff-box, about, if I recollected right, four inches and a half long by three inches broad, and about an inch and a half thick. It was double, having an horizontal partition; so that it may be considered as one box placed on another, with a lid, of course, to each box. One contained snuff; in the other, as soon as the lid was opened, there rose up a very small bird, of green enamelled gold, sitting upon a gold stand. Immediately this minute curiosity wagged its tail, shook its wings, opened its bill of white ena-

* *Strabo*. lib. xvii.

melled gold, and poured forth, minute as it was (being only three quarters of an inch from the beak to the extremity of the tail) such a clear melodious song as would have filled a room of twenty or thirty feet square with its harmony."

In Ozanam's Mathematical Creations, we have an account, by the inventor, M. Camus, of an elegant amusement of Louis XIV. when a boy. It represented a lady proceeding to court, in a small chariot drawn by two horses, and attended by her coachman, footman and page. When the machine was placed at the end of a table of proper size, the coachman smacked his whip, the horses started off with all the natural motions, and the whole equipage drove on to the farther extremity of the table; it would now turn at right angles in a regular way, and proceed to that part of the table opposite to which the prince sat, when the carriage stopped, the page alighted to open the door, and the lady came out with a petition, which she presented with a courtesy to the bowing young monarch. The return was equally in order. After appearing to await the pleasure of the prince for a short time, the lady courtesied again and re-entered the chariot, the page mounted behind, the coachman flourished his whip, and the footman, after running a few steps, resumed his place.

About the same period, M. Vaucanson, a member of the Academie Royale of France, led the way to the unquestionable superiority of modern times, in these contrivances, by the construction of his automaton duck, a production, it is said, so exactly resembling the living animal, that not a bone of the body, and hardly a feather of the wings, seems to have escaped his imitation and direction. The radius, the cubitus, and the humerus had each their exact offices. The automaton ate, drank, and quacked in perfect harmony with nature. It gobbled food brought before it with avidity, drank, and even muddled the water after the manner of the living bird, and appeared to evacuate its food ultimately in a digested state.

Ingenious contemporaries of the inventor, who solved all the rest of his contrivances, could never wholly comprehend the mechanism of this duck. A chemical solution of

the food was contrived to imitate the effect of digestion.

This gentleman is also celebrated for having exhibited at Paris, in 1738, an *Androïdes**, a flute player, whose powers exceeded all his ancestry; and for the liberality and good sense with which he communicated to the academy, in the same year an exact account of its construction.

The figure was nearly six feet in height, and usually placed on a square pedestal four feet and a half high, and about three and a half broad.—The air entered the body by three separate pipes, into which it was conveyed by nine pairs of bellows, which were expanded and contracted at pleasure, by means of an axis formed of metallic substances, and which was turned by the aid of clock work. There was not even the slightest noise heard during the operations of the bellows: which might otherwise have discovered the process by which the air was conveyed *ad libitum* into the body of the machine. The three tubes, into which the air was sent by means of the bellows, passed again into three small reservoirs concealed in the body of the automaton.—After having united in this place, and ascended towards the throat, they formed the cavity of the mouth, which terminated in two small lips, adapted to the performance of their respective functions. A small movable tongue was inclosed within this cavity, which admitted or intercepted the passage of the air into the flute, according to the tune that was executed, or the quantity of wind that was requisite for the performance. A particular species of steel cylinder, which was turned by means of clock-work, afforded the proper movements to the fingers, lips, and tongue. This cylinder was divided into fifteen equal parts, which caused the ascension of the other extremities, by the aid of pegs, which pressed upon the ends of fifteen different levers. The fingers of the automaton were directed in their movements by seven of these levers, which had wires and chains attached to their ascending extremities; these being fixed to the fingers, caused their ascension in due proportion to the declension of the other ex-

trinity, by the motion of the cylinder; and thus, on the contrary, the ascent, or descent of one end of the lever, produced a similar ascent, or descent, in the fingers that corresponded to the others; by which one of the holes was opened or stopped agreeably to the direction of the music. The entrance of the wind was managed by three of the other levers, which were so organized as to be capable of opening or shutting, by means of the three reservoirs. By a similar mechanical process, the lips were under the direction of four levers: one of which opened them in order to give the air a freer passage; the other contracted them; the third drew them back; and the fourth pushed them in a forward direction. The lips were placed on that part of the flute which receives the air; and, by the different motions which have been already enumerated, regulated the tune in the requisite manner for execution. The direction of the tongue furnished employment for the remaining lever, which it moved in order that it might be enabled to shut or open the mouth of the flute.

The extremity of the axis of the cylinder was terminated on the right side by an endless screw, consisting of twelve threads, each of which was placed at the distance of a line and a half from the other. A piece of copper was fixed above this screw, and within it was a steel pivot, which was inserted between the threads of the screw, and obliged the cylinder above mentioned to pursue the threads. Thus, instead of moving in a direct turn, it was perpetually pushed to one side: the successive elevation of the levers displaying all the different movements of a professed musician.

M. Vaucanson constructed another celebrated *Androïdes*, which played on the Provençal shepherd's pipe, and beat, at the same time, on an instrument called the tambour de basque. This was also a machine of the first order, for ingenious and difficult contrivance. The shepherd bore the flageolet in his left hand, and in the right a stick, with which he beat the tabor, or tambourine, in accompaniment. He was capable of playing about twenty different airs, consisting of minuets, rigadoons, and country dances. The pipe, or flageolet, which he was made to play, is a wind instrument, of great varie-

* From *andros*, a man, and *idros*, a form. A term under which some scientific works have classed all the automata, that have been made to imitate the human person.

ty, rapidity, and power of execution, when the notes are well filled and properly articulated by the tongue; but it consists only of three holes, and the execution, therefore, mainly depends upon the manner in which they are covered, and the due variation of the force of the wind that reaches them.

To give the Androides power to sound the highest note, M. Vaucanson found it necessary to load the bellows, which supplied the air to this tone, with fifty-six pounds weight, while that of one ounce supplied the lowest tone. Nor was the same note always to be executed by exactly the same force of air; it was necessary to pay the most accurate attention to its place on the scale, and to so many difficult circumstances of combination and expression, that the inventor declares himself to have been frequently on the point of relinquishing his attempt in its progress. In the tambourine accompaniment too, there were numerous obstacles to overcome; the variation of the strokes, and particularly the continued roll of this instrument, was found to require no small ingenuity of construction.

All other exhibitions of mechanical skill, in imitation of the powers of human nature, were destined, however, to give way, in 1763, to the pretensions of the Chess Player of M. Wolfgang de Kempelin, a Hungarian gentleman, and Audic Counsellor of the Royal Chamber of the domains of the Emperor in Hungary. Called in that year to Vienna by the duties of his station, this gentleman was present at some experiments on magnetism made before the Empress Maria Theresa, when he ventured to hint, that he could construct, for her Majesty, a piece of mechanism far superior to any of those which had been exhibited. His manner of remarking this excited the attention of the Empress, who encouraging him to make the effort, the Automaton Chess Player, which has since been exhibited in all the capitals of Europe, was, within six months after this period, presented at the Imperial court. It is a presumption in favour of the pretensions of this contrivance to be a masterpiece of mere mechanism, that the original artist, after having gratified his exalted patroness and her court with the exhibition of it, appeared for ma-

ny years indifferent to its fame. He engaged himself in other mechanical pursuits with equal ardour, and is said to have so far neglected this, as to have taken it partly to pieces, for the purpose of making other experiments. But the visit of the Russian Grand Duke Paul to the court of Joseph II. again called our automaton to life. It was repaired and put in order in a few weeks; and, from this period, (1785) has been exhibited, at intervals, throughout Germany, at Paris, and in London; first by M. de Kempelin, and latterly by a purchaser of the property from his son; De Kempelin having died in 1803.

Our chess-playing readers will be able to appreciate the bold pretensions of this automaton. The entire number of combinations, which it is possible to form with the pieces of a chess-board, has never, we believe, been ascertained. To push forward a plan of our own steadily, and at the same time to anticipate the designs of an antagonist, requires a constant and acute discrimination, which long experience, and some considerable strength of memory, have been required to make availing, in all other cases. But this cunning infidel (for he assumes the figure of a Turk drives kings and castles, and knights before him with more than mortal sagacity, and with his inferior hand; he never, we believe, has been beaten; and, except in a very few instances of drawn games, has beat the most skillful chess-players in Europe. Dr. Hutton, on the supposition of his being altogether a mechanical contrivance, calls it "the greatest master-piece of mechanics that ever appeared in the world." We shall recount his pretensions in the words of an Oxford graduate, who published "Observations" on them, during his last visit in London, and subjoin a statement of the best attempts that have been made to account for his apparent skill, in a second article upon this interesting subject.

RURAL ECONOMY.

[From the English Journals.]

Mr. Coke has introduced the culture of Hemp and flax, at Holkham.

Bruised Oats.—An individual who has tried feeding his horse on whole and on bruised oats, states, that a horse fed on bruised oats will look

and work as well as one fed on double the same quantity of oats not bruised.

Bone Manure.—In the high farming system of Yorkshire, where bones to the amount of 15*l.* an acre have been put on the land, to force a growth of about 35 bushels of wheat, to the acre, the property of the tenant in the land, has been, in some places, nearly equal to the feesimple value of the staple soil. At Holkham, it is said, that at an expence of 10*l.* an acre, in manure and working, 40 bushels are commonly obtained.

NEW PATENTS GRANTED IN ENGLAND

1. To James Lee, for Machinery and a process for breaking, cleaning, and preparing flax and Hemp, for use, &c.

This invention consists of four parts; first, in the breaking or separating the fibres from the boon or woody parts of flax, hemp, and other vegetable fibrous substances, either before or after it has undergone the process of dew rotting or water-steeping; and, secondly, in discharging the coloured matter out of unsteeped flax, hemp, &c.; thirdly, in separating and dividing the fibres of hemp, flax, &c. into their respective lengths, so that each length may be operated on with greater facility by the roving machinery already in use; fourthly, in drawing the flax, &c. into a state sufficiently fine for the fabrication of cambric, lace, &c.

2d. To W. A. Deacon, for a method of making the soles of boots and shoes out of whalebone, or whalefin.

ENGLISH AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

[From the New Monthly Magazine for May, 1821.]

The corn market remains in a lamentable state of depression, nor is there the most distant prospect of amendment; for, independent of the continuance of a bountiful supply of wheat, from Ireland, there is no deficiency in the home-growth; on the contrary there is a greater number of wheat stacks outstanding, and a larger portion of thrashing wheat on hand than is customary at the present season of the year. The price of wool is low, and still looking downwards; the seed, hay, and straw

markets partake of a similar abatement; and, in short, every thing else which the farmer has to dispose of. Agriculture remains the same in substance, so far as the ordinary routine of husbandry is concerned, but its spirit is annihilated, and its members languishing on the brink of ruin. We observe a small portion of the wheat crop has been injured by the grub or wire-worm; but generally speaking, the prospect cannot be more inviting; if any thing is to be apprehended, it is that in the event of a wet summer, (which is to be expected, if Dr Kirwan's prognostication can be relied on, namely, that a storm arising from the W. S. W. on, or just before the spring equinox, is productive of that circumstance five times in six,") when the probability is that it will get too lusty, and become lodged before the grain is properly matured.

VARIETIES.

[From the Journal of Science.]

Recent discovery of a Fragment of Art in Newfoundland.

A discovery has been made in Newfoundland, during the last summer, which, trifling as the object is, has not a little exercised the conjectures of the antiquarians of that island. About half a mile from the shores of Gander Bay, there was found a fragment of a small pillar of white marble. This fragment is octangular; about 18 inches long, and 10 inches in diameter. Its surface is as much corroded by the effects of the weather, as those parts of the statues of the Parthenon which have suffered most. It is probable, consequently, that it has lain there for a considerable time.

It cannot have been left in ballast, because it is half a mile inland, and because no ships can come within three quarters of a mile of the shore of this place. This part of the country is not inhabited, and no similar stones, or works of art, could be found on searching in the same neighbourhood. I must also observe, that the texture of this marble is very remarkable, resembling none that I have ever seen, and perfectly different from any of those used in sculpture or architecture. It is of a yellowish white colour. The texture is in some places crystalline granular, of a

large grain; but there are every where intermixed with it parts of very complicated curvatures, capable of being separated in succession, in parallel curved laminæ as thin as paper. These scaly concretions are sometimes an inch or more in dimension. Besides this, there are found distinct irregular laminæ of hard calcareous clay, or very argillaceous earthy limestone dispersed through the stone.

If the Newfoundland antiquaries cannot settle this obscure point, it must be left to the ingenuity of those who have reasoned so ably on the works of ancient art, found in many parts of America. In tracing the migration of Asiatic nations thither, it is easy to settle a colony, and build a city, in Newfoundland.

French Literature.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

A work has just been published, under the title, "Travels in America, Italy, Sicily, and Egypt, by Mr. Ed. de Montolè." The author resided several years in those countries, and applied himself to attain a knowledge of the manners, the phenomena of nature, and the remaining monuments of their ancient civilization. This work is in 2 vols. 8vo., with an atlas, containing numerous engravings, from the author's drawings made on the spot.

Nos. 5, 6, and 7 are now published of the new collection of coloured plates of birds, "being the supplement to the coloured plates of Buffon," published by Messrs. Temminck, of Amsterdam, and Meissren, Langier, Baron de Chartrouse, of Paris. Among the 18 plates in these three numbers are, *le Grimpert promerops* of Brazil; *l'Aigle a queue etagee* of New Holland; *les Cailles nates*, male and female, of Bengal &c. Accounts have been received from the French traveller, in Egypt, Mr. Frederic Cailliaud. They are dated the 22d of November last. He was preparing to set out the same day from Syene, for Dongola. Ismael Pacha, the son of the viceroy of Egypt, had gained a great victory: the head quarters of the expedition were at Dongola, from which the Mamelukes had been expelled. The journey from Syene to Dongola, on the left bank of the Nile, takes one month. Mr. Cailliaud intended to make astronomical observations on his way,

and to collect all kinds of information respecting the antiquities of the country, which are at present but little known.

Mechanics.—Germany.

[From the London Literary Gazette.]

Mr. Hellfarth, a printer, at Erfurt, has invented a press, which can print 8 sheets at a time. This press, which may be made of any size, prints in 12 hours 7000 copies; which makes for the 8 sheets 56,000 copies, printed on both sides. One horse easily works the machine. Three men suffice to place the paper on the frame and to take it off. The printed forms remove of themselves, and the others place themselves, without its being necessary to stop the machine, the construction of which, being equally complete and solid, requires but little repair.

BALFOUR'S POEMS.

EXTRACTS.

CONTEMPLATION.

Nymph with musing heaven-ward eye,
Mild as Autumn's evening sky;
On whose cheek the faded rose
Has left a tint that faintly glows;
Lips to gentle accents given—
Wandering thoughts that rest on heaven.
Banished eye from Folly's bowers—
Scorned in Pleasure's rosy hours—
Haunting oft the hermit's cell,
Shady grove, and rocky dell—
Woeful Morning's orient beam,
Watching twilight's purple gleam,
Where the birch nods o'er the rill,
That bubbling leaves the heath-clad hill:
CONTEMPLATION, let thy smile
Banish Care, and Grief beguile;
Though no mirthful joys are thine,
Be thy tranquil musings mine:
Behold, where pensive, kneeling at thy
fane,
An humble votary pours the heartfelt
strain!

MARY'S GRAVE.

There we'll mark the brown heath wave,
O'er the hapless MARY's grave!
Twenty summer suns had seen
MARY loveliest on the green—
Never flower that graced the wild,
Blushed so fair, so sweetly smiled—
Pure as morning's pearly dew,
Was every wish her bosom knew;
Not a star that gems the sky,
Beamed so bright as MARY's eye!
Alas! that eye was doom'd to mourn,
For bliss that never could return!
Burning tears for truth beguiled,
Blanch'd the cheek where beauty smiled.
Soon she told her bosom's wrongs,
Carol'd wild, in maniac songs;

And she would laugh—till dark Despair
Owned his pangs were rivalled there!
Sleep forsook her burning brain—
Writhing sad in mental pain,
Swift she scaled yon airy steep—
Closed her sorrows in the deep!

ELIZA'S TOMB.

When ELIZA's spirit fled,
Sad the tears that WILLIAM shed—
Rufely from his bosom torn,
While he bailed the joyous morn,
Bright with Love's enlivening sun,
His summer-day of bliss begun.

Virgin sweet-ness, modest charms,
Woo'd the swain to beauty's arms;
Fair the moon, with infant ray,
Closed the long-wished, happy day,
That bade two hearts with transport glow,
Pure as love could e'er bestow:
Ere that moon's last waning beam,
WILLIAM's bliss was all a dream!
While he fondly clasped his prize,
Virtue sought her native skies.

Pensive mourner, cease to twine
Scented woodbines round her shrine,
They but mock the sleeper's breath,
Chilled amidst the damps of death.
Bring no glowing rose-bud there,
Breathing to the morning air;
Why should beauty's blush be shed
In scorn above her mouldy bed?
No melting blush her cheek can warm,
Her lip has lost the power to charm;
Let not summer's richest glow
Mock the mouldering dust below.

Here the gentle snow-drop bring,
Herald of the genial spring—
Spreading mild its simple form,
Smiling to the wintry storm,
Welcoming the sun's return—
Let it blossom o'er the urn,
Emblem of that morning bright,
Dawning with celestial light,
When to life and lasting bloom,
Shall wake the tenants of the tomb.

ELEGY.

Lured by the vesper star, that shone serene,
I careless strayed by winding Leven's side,
Where towering woods erewhile had clothed the scene,
And blooming hedge-rows smiled in vernal pride.
One solitary thorn remained alone,
And to the night dews stretched its naked arms—
Its sapless trunk with hoary moss o'er-grown—
For Time had ravished all its youthful charms.
The silvery moon-beam on its branches fell,
Bare, blighted, lifeless, bleaching in the air—
My bosom heaved, I felt my full heart swell,
And sadly musing, weaved this song of care:

Poor leafless tenant of the lonely plain—
Condemned alone to rear thy withered form,

Where not a brother of the sylvan train
Remains, to shield thee from the wintry storm!

"The dark green fir, to shield thee from the blast,
And towering pine, perennial verdure spread—

The beech, abroad his sheltering arms would cast,
And mountain-ash display his berries red;

"Her golden flowers the gay laburnum hung—
The weeping birch at morn her fragrance gave—

Beneath thy shade the scented primrose sprung,
And Leven flowed, thy spreading roots to lave;

"The gold-finch twittered from thy branches green,
And in thy bosom built her downy nest:
At early morn, the mavis oft was seen,
Pressing thy blossoms to her speckled breast.

"The pearly dew that gemmed thy virgin flowers,
Was oft, at midnight, brushed by hands unseen,

And borne in cowslip cups, to fairy bow-ers,
As morning nectar for the elfin queen."

COCKNEY LOVE SONG.

[From Blackwood's Magazine.]

Oh! lovely Polly Savage,
Oh! charming Polly Savage,
Your eye beats Day and Martin,
Your cheek is like red cabbage.

As I was going down the Strand
It smote my heart with wonder,
To see the lovely damsel,
A-sitting at a vinder.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.
Oh! once I loved another girl,
Her name it was Maria;
But, Polly dear, my love for you
Is forty-five times higher.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.
We'll take a shop in Chicken Lane,
And I will stand prepared,
To sell fat bacon by the pound,
And butter by the yard.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.
And when at five o'clock, my love,
We sit us down to dine,
How I will toast your darling health,
In draughts of currant wine.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.
Oh then our little son shall be
As wanton as a spaniel,
Him that we mean to cristen'd be
Jacques Timothy Nathaniel.

Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.
And if we have a little girl,
I'm sure you won't be sorry

To hear me call the pretty elf,
Euphemiar Helen Laurar.
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

Then fare-thee well a little space,
My heart can never falter,
And next time when I see your face,
'Twill be at Hymen's altar.
Oh! lovely Polly Savage, &c.

PERCY ANECDOTES.

YOUTH.

Force of Bad Example.

At the height of the revolutionary mania in France, there was one spectacle which, if it did not exceed all the other spectacles of that era of horror in atrocity, exceeded them all in singularity. It has not, we believe, obtained a place in history, but it is due to the history of human nature, that it should be rescued from among the mass of useless fragments which are hurrying down the stream of time. Troops of boys were to be seen in different parts, in regular martial array: they were armed, some with small firelocks, and others with pistols and swords; they were divided, after the manner of their seniors, into opposite parties, whose bone of contention was seldom any thing more than the ordinary school one, of "Which is the stronger?" They had a great many skirmishes, fought several pitched battles, and not a few of them were dangerously wounded. The mimic strife would, however, have been incomplete without one more exalted characteristic. They paraded the streets, bearing the heads of cats, &c. upon long poles, and to such a pitch did they carry their emulation of the transactions of the great world around them, that they actually hung up one of their companions, who was accused of stealing fruit from a woman of the *Halle du Be.* He was cut down by some passers in time to save his life. The Committee of Police published an ordinance on the subject, directed to the fathers of families; but the sanguinary mania of the boys did not entirely abate, till the fathers themselves returned to reason and to moderation.

Thucydides.

'Altho' to write be lesser than to do,
It is the next deed, and a great one too.'

JOHNSON.

While Thucydides was yet a boy, he heard Herodotus recite his histories at the Olympic Games, and is said to have wept exceedingly. The 'Father of Historians' observing how much the boy was moved, congratulated his father, Clorus, on having a child of such promise, and advised him to spare no pains in his education. The result showed how just Herodotus was in his anticipations. The young Thucydides lived to be one of the best historians Greece ever had.

Abbe de Rance.

The Abbe de Rance, afterwards a celebrated monk of La Trappe, made such a rapid proficiency in Greek, that at the age of twelve he translated Anacreon, and published it with learned notes. He was very little older when he was appointed to a considerable benefice. Some persons at court murmuring at the advancement of so young an Abbe, Caussin, the Jesuit, was directed by the king to examine him. When the little Abbe came to court, Caussin had Homer lying before him, and desired de Rance to read a passage which casually presented itself. The boy read it immediately in French: the Jesuit could not credit such an extraordinary facility, but thought he had looked at the Latin version printed in the same page; and covering the Latin with his gloves, was surprised to hear the lad explain the Greek as before. The Jesuit astonished, exclaimed, '*habe lyneæ oculos*;' 'you have lynx eyes, my son, for you can see through a pair of gloves.'

Sir Philip Sidney.

'When I was yet a child, no childish play
To me was pleasing; all my mind was set
Serious to learn and know, and thence to
do
What might be public good; myself I
thought
Born to that end, born to promote all
truth,
All righteous things.'

PARADISE REGAINED.

Sir Philip Sydney was one of the brightest ornaments of Queen Elizabeth's court. In early youth he discovered the strongest marks of genius and understanding. Sir Fulke Greville, Lord Brook, who was his intimate friend, says of him, 'though I lived with him, and knew him from a child, yet I never knew him other than a man, with such steadiness of mind, lovely and familiar gravity, as carried grace and reverence above greater years. His talk was ever of knowledge; and his very play tended to enrich his mind.'

Lope de Vega.

The youth of the most prolific writer that ever existed, could scarcely fail to be distinguished by much that is remarkable. At five years of age he could read Spanish and Latin fluently, and even make verses, which he exchanged with his school-fellows for pictures and other trifles. At the age of twelve, young Lopez was master of the Latin tongue, and of the art of rhetoric; could dance and fence with ease and dexterity; and before he had reached his fifteenth year, he had written several pastorals, and made his first dramatic essay with a comedy entitled, '*La Pastoral de Jacinto*.' He continued to the end of his life to cultivate poetry with such an in-

conceivable facility, that a play of more than two thousand verses, intermixed with sonnets, tercets and octaves, often cost him no more than one day's labour. He is said to have actually produced the amazing number of *eighteen hundred comedies* and four hundred *autos sacramentales*; in all, *two thousand two hundred pieces*! Of these about three hundred have been published, in twenty five quarto volumes. No poet during his lifetime ever enjoyed so much glory. Whenever he appeared in the streets, the people assembled round him in crowds, and hailed him by the title of the Prodigy of Nature.

Schiller's Robbers.

When the Robbers of Schiller was first performed at Fribourg, in the Brigaw, the youth of that city, moved almost to madness by the ardent and awful scenes which it portrayed, formed the wild design of imitating the hero of the play and his companions. They bound themselves in a confederacy, by the most solemn oaths, to betake themselves to the woods, and live by rapine and plunder, or, as they termed it, to become the *exterminating angels of Heaven*. Fortunately, the plot was discovered by one of their tutors finding a copy of the confederacy, written, it is said, with blood. The parties were all secured, and the future representation of *The Robbers* was prohibited in Fribourg. Such terrible impressions are a wonderful tribute to the energy of Schiller's pen, which, like Rousseau's, may be said to *burn the paper*.

Pellæon Youth.

'Unus Pellæon juveni non sufficit orbis,
Estuat infelicæ angusto limitie mundi.'

JUVENAL.

Alexander the Great hearing Anaxarchus, the philosopher, discoursing, and showing that, according to the sense of his master Democritus, there were innumerable worlds, '*Alas!*' exclaimed he, '*what a miserable one am I, that I have not subdued so much as one of all these!*'

How to Ask for a Penny

It has often been said, that the members of the Society of Friends are possessed from their youth of more than an ordinary share of acuteness. The following fact may serve as a proof of this assertion:—Some time ago, Mr. —, a most respectable iron founder, of Birmingham, discovered that his son, a boy of five years of age, was accustomed to ask those gentlemen who came to his house, to give him money, and immediately extorted a promise from him, under a threat of correction, that he would not do so any more. The next day Mr. —, his father's partner, called, and the boy evaded a breach of his promise by saying, '*Friend, dost thou know any one who would lend me a penny, and not require it of me again?*'

Lully.

Jean Baptiste Lully, the celebrated musician, was born of obscure parents, at Florence, but discovering in his infancy a propensity to music, a cordelier undertook to teach him to play on the guitar, an instrument then much in use in Italy and France. When only ten years of age, young Lully became page to Mademoiselle de Montpensier; but this lady taking a dislike to his appearance, which was far from promising, assigned him a situation in her kitchen, as under scullion. But the genius of Lully was not thus to be subdued, and in the moments of his leisure from the kitchen, he used to scrape on a wretched violin which he had been able to procure. This became known to the princess, and he was soon restored to that character, as a musician, from which his figure had a short time before banished him as a page.

Sailor Boy.

When the frigate La Tribune was wrecked off Halifax, in November, 1798, the whole ship's crew perished, with the exception of four men, who escaped in the jolly boat, and eight others, who clung to the main and fore-tops. The inhabitants of the place came down in the night opposite to the point where the ship struck, and approached so near as to converse with the people on the wreck. The first exertion which was made for their relief, was by a boy of no more than thirteen years of age, from Herring Cove, who ventured off in a small skiff by himself, about eleven o'clock the next day. With great exertions, and at extreme risk to himself, he ventured to approach the wreck, and backed in his little boat so near to the fore-top as to take off two of the men, for the boat could not with safety hold any more. He rowed them triumphantly to the Cove, and had them instantly conveyed to a comfortable habitation. After shaming, by his example, older persons, who had larger boats, the manly boy put off again in his little skiff; but with all his efforts he was unable to reach the wreck a second time. His example however was soon followed by other boats of the Cove; and by their joint exertions the whole of the remaining survivors were saved.

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

IS PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,

BY JAMES MAXWELL,

Corner of Fourth and Walnut-streets,

AT SIX DOLLARS PER ANNUM,

Payable on the first of June.

Single numbers 12 1-2 cents.

Subscribers who are desirous of obtaining the Literary Gazette monthly, will be supplied with 4 numbers on the first of each month, stitched in covers.